

FORD TIMES

SEPTEMBER 1979



Michael W. Green

Over Pacheco Pass and Down Into San Francisco
by William Saroyan



FORD MUSTANG

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Mustang's dramatic sports car styling gives it a most efficient aerodynamic design. With sports car features like a modified MacPherson front suspension, four-bar link rear suspension, rack and pinion steering and front stabilizer bar, all Mustangs have precise handling to help flatten corners.

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*Use these mileage estimates for comparison purposes. Your actual mileage may differ depending on driving speed, weather and distance. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than estimated. Calif. mpg lower.

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Cover: William Saroyan says "to grow is to go" and recalls memorable goings such as the one when he was 16 with his brother in a Model T on his first automobile trip. The story begins on page 8. Illustration by Michael Green.



HOLD THAT LINE !

Selling tickets for a Saturday
afternoon football game can be as hectic
as the battle on the playing field

by Steve Brody illustrations by James Jeffries

WHEN Gene Ferrio, Granada High's football coach, learned that I was a rookie teacher and had been assigned gate duty for the first time, he hustled me into his office for a briefing. He drew a diagram of the entire athletic field.

"We've got four positions of spectator access here at Granada Stadium," he explained. "This here is Gate 1. It's the main gate and draws a lot of traffic, but if you think you can handle it I'll put you there."

I told him I thought I could handle it.

He then drew an S, signifying the student body, a V for visiting students and an A for adults. He drew arrows tracing their normal route of entry.

"The S's here," he continued, "they go for two bits a head. The V's pay half-a-buck and the A's, we charge them all a buck. Faculty members, administrators and parents of

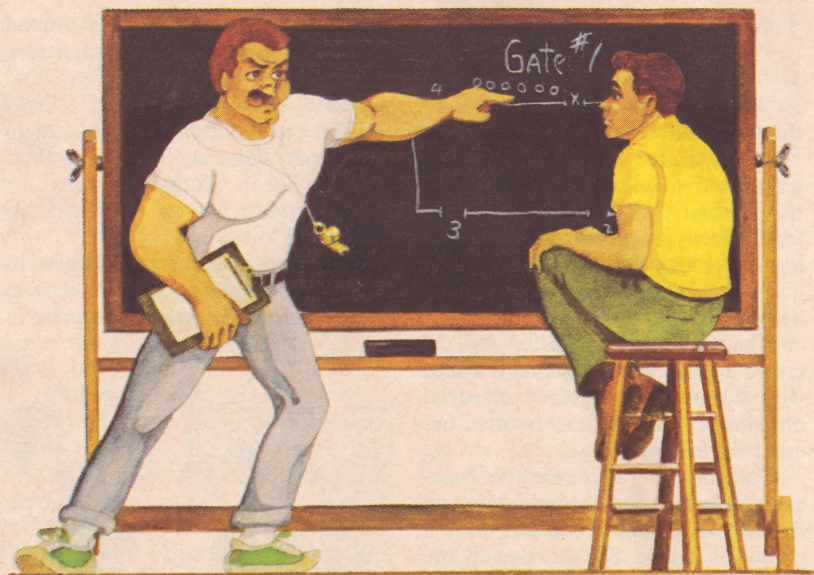
players all must pay a buck apiece.

"There'll be a lot of deadbeats trying to get in gratis. They'll hand you all kinds of stories. Just lend a deaf ear, sonny. Tell them you got strict orders from Coach Ferrio that everybody pays, including the Governor.

"There's apt to be a few wise guys who'll try to sneak through. In a situation of this sort, defense is important. Now let's take a typical situation. You're standing over here. Along comes Mr. Deadbeat trying to crash the gate. You give him this." He demonstrated a shoulder block. "Or this." He threw a knee into my path. "Now you try it, sonny."

I positioned myself at the door while Coach Ferrio came charging in from the outside. I threw him a wicked shoulder block. He backed off, then came at me again, as I aimed my knee at his groin. We repeated the procedure several times.

"There," he said, "I think you've



got it down pretty well." He pressed his face close to mine. "This is a big game, sonny. There oughta be a record crowd. Moola-wise, you should go over the top. Don't panic when making change." He shoved the cashbox, containing \$10 in change and three rolls of tickets, into my midriff.

"Good luck," said Coach Ferrio, patting me on the fanny as I left, "and don't take any wooden nickels."

I was filled with a wonderful spirit of dedication as I headed toward my station at Gate 1. Coach Ferrio was entrusting me, a neophyte, with the awesome responsibility of handling Gate 1 for the biggest game of the

year. I was determined to vindicate his faith in me, and, as I walked along the path leading to "my" gate, I practiced a few shoulder blocks and knee fakes. Some kids playing touch football stopped their game to watch me.

A line was already beginning to form as I took my position at Gate 1. A skinny youngster with glasses wriggled through without offering to buy a ticket. I gave him the shoulder block and he flinched.

"Are you a student?" I asked.

"What do I look like, a custodian?"

"Okay, fresh kid, that'll be 25 cents."

"I'm on potato chips."

"You're what?"

"I'm selling potato chips."

"Too bad. Everybody pays. Even the Governor."

He squinted hard through his glasses. "I'm selling potato chips for the Student Council, to raise money for an electric scoreboard. I am donating my valuable time."

"Sorry. Coach Ferrio says everybody pays."

The youngster persisted as the crowd in line grew impatient. Faced with a mob scene, I made a crucial decision. "Okay, enter this time, but don't let it happen again."

The youngster rolled his eyes heavenward and passed through. Next on line was a freckle-faced girl with a pony tail hairdo. She hurried by me without pausing to purchase a ticket. I grabbed her by the pony tail, wondering whether Coach Ferrio would approve of such a defensive maneuver.

"You'll need a ticket, young lady," I said.

"I'm in the band," she snapped.

"Sorry," I shot back. "Nobody gets in gratis."

She looked from side to side as though she wasn't sure she had heard me correctly. "Are you mad, mister? Who ever heard of the band paying?"

"Everybody pays," I insisted. "Even the Governor."

She squared around and placed her hands on her hips. "Permit me to clarify. I'm in the band. I play first trombone. I hate football. I never even watch."

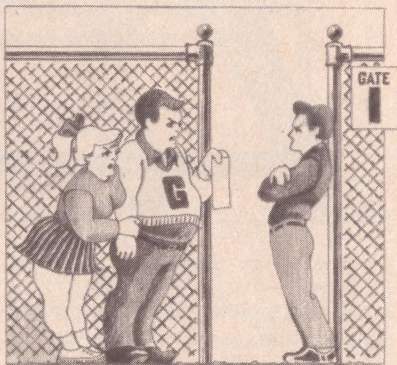
"I don't make the rules around here," I said. "They come from Coach Ferrio. He says everybody pays, and absolutely no exceptions."

The crowd became restless again and began shouting catcalls.

"Let her in, ya miser."

"Whaddaya wanna do, break up the band?"

It was obvious that I would have to render another important decision. "Okay, miss, I'll make an exception in



your case, but don't let it happen again."

Next came a grinning, rather corpulent fellow in his late thirties. He was wearing a gold sweater with a large maroon G. Folds of fat hung around his midriff. He was accompanied by a short, stocky woman wearing tennis sneakers and a maroon ribbon in her hair. The prospect of racking up two big A sales made me forget my previous humiliations.

"Hi, professor," said the fellow, el-

bowing his way through. "Great day for the game, eh?"

"Certainly is," I said, applying the knee. "That will be a dollar, please."

He drew up short. "You gotta be kidding. Didn't Coach brief you about me, Walt Sherogan?"

"No, but he did mention the Governor, and he gave me strict orders not to let him, nor anyone else, into the game without a ticket."

"Show him the clipping, Walt," urged the woman, who was obviously his wife.

He drew a faded newspaper clipping from his pocket. It was dated November 2, 1958, and went on to tell how Walt Sherogan, Granada High tackle, had recovered a fumble and raced 20 yards for a touchdown, giving Granada High victory and the league title.

Sherogan beamed expansively. "You know what Coach Ferrio said at the Victory Dinner? He said, 'Walt, you're the greatest football player I have ever coached. We shall be eternally grateful to you for your leadership and courage. To show our appreciation, I want you to be a lifetime guest at all our football games.' Those were his exact words, verbatim."

"Sorry," I said. "I'll never go over the top moola-wise letting people in gratis. One dollar, please."

By this time the line extended clear down the block. The catcalls were getting louder and more abusive. I was faced with another crucial decision. "Okay, Sherogan, enter. For auld lang syne."

"Now you're following the game plan, professor. C'mon, Mabel."

Mabel, too? I was about to execute a shoulder block when out of the corner of my eye I spotted a youngster jumping over the fence. He landed hard, then took off for the stands.

I left Gate 1 and shot out after the rascal, through the crowd that had entered through the other gates. He ran onto the field and headed for the end zone. I pursued him doggedly and at the five-yard line I brought him down with a flying tackle.

I arose to a standing ovation and took a deep bow. My trousers had torn and my shirt was caked with dirt, but I was sublimely happy. I had captured the culprit and I would make him pay.

I dragged him back to Gate 1. The long line was surging through, and, by the time I arrived, it had dwindled to nothing. My chances of going over the top moola-wise had vanished.

"Okay, fresh kid. Pay me 25 cents," I demanded.

"Wait'll my father hears about this. He's the school superintendent."

"I'm real scared. My knees are shaking. He's the what?"

"Dr. Fairchild is my father. I'll tell him you tackled me . . . illegally."

I put my arm around the lad. "How would you like to see a football game? As my guest?"

"When my father finds out you beat me up, you'll get bounced for sure."

I handed him a quarter from the cashbox. "Buy yourself some potato chips. It's for a good cause."

He took the quarter and grudgingly consented to keep the matter quiet. I made a quick audit of Gate 1's financial status. It was minus 25 cents.

Granada beat a strong Rye team that afternoon. When I went to check in my gate receipts, Coach Ferrio was busy accepting congratulations. I placed the cashbox and unused tickets on his desk and tried to duck out. Coach nabbed me before I could slip away.

"Whatta mob, eh? I'll bet Gate 1 went over the top moola-wise."

"What's the top for Gate 1?" I asked.

"For the title game two years ago Gate 1 took in \$582.50."

"I, I'm sorry to report that Gate 1 went \$582.75 under the record."

Coach's jaw dropped. "It isn't possible."

"I'll make it up to you," I promised. "You can garnishee my wages."

"Not possible. What happened?"

"Everything. Potato chips, band, Walt Sherogan . . ."

"Walt Sherogan!" he exclaimed. "Not again. The newspaper clipping, too?"

"News clipping, Mabel, Victory Dinner, the whole bit."

Coach buried his face in his hands. "Sherogan beat us again. I forgot to set up a defense for Sherogan." He shook his head. "Sherogan never recovered that fumble. Larry Berger recovered that fumble and scored. Larry had torn his jersey and borrowed one from Sherogan, who was sitting on the

bench. The paper gave Sherogan credit for the winning touchdown and he's been capitalizing on it ever since."

"Things could have been worse," I said. "I caught a kid jumping the fence and I gave him a real going over. Turned out to be Dr. Fairchild's kid. I had to bribe him to keep quiet."

Coach let out a groan. "Dr. Fairchild isn't married."

I hung my head. "Coach, I'm a failure. I let you down."

He put his arm around my shoulder. "Don't take it so hard, sonny. The breaks were against you."

"I wasn't cut out to be a teacher," I said. "I should have been a forest ranger."

"It was my fault," said Coach. "I should have broken you in on Gate 4. Gate 4's restricted to senior citizens and kids kindergarten to third grade. Action's a lot different. Pointing to bathrooms and stuff like that. You could have built up your confidence there."

"Listen, sonny. Next spring we'll put you on baseball. Nobody shows for baseball. The take never exceeds five, six bucks. You'll have ample opportunity to work on all the defensive moves. By the time football rolls round you'll be all set."

I thanked Coach and promised to accept his advice and work myself into shape in the spring. I drew my shoulders back, stood erect, and walked tall out of his office.

I could hardly wait for baseball to begin. □



“Cut left at the Ford dealer and we’ll sign up.”

Sign them up now for Punt, Pass & Kick!

There might be a great young quarterback right in your own backyard. PP&K is a great way for your kids to test their football skills. All they need is a little help from you. Just bring your children to your local participating Ford dealership and register them for the 19th annual Punt, Pass & Kick Competition. Free registration begins August 17 and continues through the date of local competition.

Everyone who enters receives a free PP&K Tips Book. It contains valuable tips from the pros on how to improve football skills and

prepare for the Punt, Pass & Kick competition.

Open to boys and girls ages 8 to 13

All participants will compete with others in their own age group. Local winners will receive a PP&K trophy and a chance to compete in higher levels of competition.

PP&K Finals at Super Bowl XIV

They could even have a chance to compete in this year's PP&K National Championship Finals at Super Bowl XIV to be played January 20, 1980, in Pasadena, California.



Registration begins August 17, 1979



Over Pacheco Pass and Down Into San Francisco

by William Saroyan

illustrations by Michael Green



ON A DRIVE from Oslo to Kristiansand in the month of May 1961, the following pleasant incident took place: *I believed I was driving in California in 1941!*

This incident, which might also be called an interior accident — an accident of person, time and place — puzzled me, because there was no satisfactory explanation for it. For longer than an hour I simply forgot that I

was driving in Norway. The watery landscape, the woods and rocks, the highway signs, the towns and villages were unlike anything I had seen in California in 1941.

I must be homesick, I reasoned. And yet I felt entirely at home: in my car, the radio on, rolling easily along a winding, rising and falling highway, at peace with the world, the hunger of the eye satisfied every instant by good

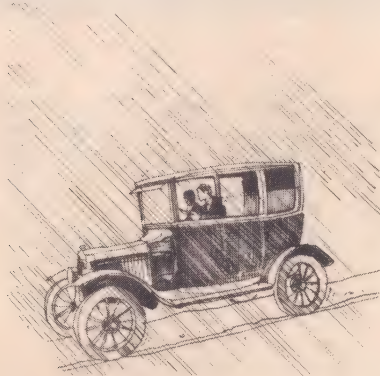
things to see: rock, foliage, flower, water, horse, cow, dog, man, woman, child, vista, sky, cloud, brook, river, lake, bay.

So why did I feel I was in California 20 years earlier? I wondered.

There was no answer. The event was an accident, pure and simple, one of those pleasant little accidents one smiles about and forgets immediately.

I couldn't forget it, though. I didn't want to, I suppose. I cherished it. I wanted to try to guess about it, and about motoring in general.

The word *transport* has been used by poets who have been concerned about events of the spirit. I wondered if the act of motoring might not be considered to be such an event, in addition to an event of actual physical departure and arrival. Are motorists poets, whether they know it or not? Mute poets, who behold, feel, breathe, and experience a poetic mystique of being, simply because they are in fact going?



My destination for the day was Kristiansand, to which I came at length, in which I put aside the car and began to move about on foot. From 7 to 11 o'clock in the evening I walked in Kristiansand and came to places and stopped to sit and drink and remember other drives I had taken.

One good achievement of motoring that I remembered in Norway involved that long-departed classic, the Packard, of which I bought a 1925 model in 1935 for \$100 cash. This was a dashing-looking convertible. I knew it was on its last legs, but I wanted to have it just the same. The motor had a condition. After a sudden stop, the motor died, and could not be started again until it had cooled a little. This might take anywhere from five to 15 minutes.

The car was bought in San Francisco and driven to Fresno by way of Pacheco Pass, which the old car climbed like nothing.

I was 27 then and had had one book published. The style of the car seemed to suit a new American writer. After two days in the old home town, visiting friends and relatives, I took off for Los Angeles, so I could show the car to other friends. Midway in the journey, in the heart of Bakersfield, the car died at a traffic light when the evening traffic was heaviest. I expected a ticket from the traffic cop who was urging me to move along. Instead, however, he began to motion to the motorists to come around the stalled car, which they did in good



grace, only glancing at the handsome chariot as if it couldn't possibly be true that something so magnificent could be flawed.

"Vapor lock?" the cop asked.

"Yes. Shall we push it out of the way?"

"No, let it cool off, and then *drive* it away," the cop said.

A small crowd gathered, apparently to admire the car, but who can really guess why crowds gather? They seem to *like* to gather and are only waiting for the merest excuse to do so. The memorable thing about this crowd was the sudden arrival of an old lady. She didn't study the car, she studied me. I believed she might very well be somebody I had once known: one of the teachers at Emerson School, for instance. I gathered that she meant to speak to me in a moment, and I was rather pleased that she remembered me — the worst pupil at Emerson School, but, for all that, a man who had become a writer and the owner of a stalled Packard convertible. She fixed her eyes on mine, and then said, "Are you - - ?"

"Yes, I am."

I meant of course that I was the new American writer. I meant *my name* which was already beginning to be well-known.

"John Muggerditchian!" the old lady said happily. "Do you remember your teacher, Miss Hollingberry, at Hanford High?"

"Of course, Miss Hollingberry," I said because I didn't know how to tell her I was *not* John Muggerditchian.



John was the man she knew. The cop came to my rescue.

"Want to give her a try, now?"

I got back into the car, and sure enough the motor fired, so I was only required to wave goodbye to the old schoolteacher.

I kept the Packard about a year. And then I gave it to a cousin who understood vapor lock and what to do about it.

Surely the best drive of all was the first of my life, from 3204 El Monte Way in Fresno, California, in a Model T Ford north 200 miles to San Francisco, my brother Henry at the wheel.

Climbing Pacheco Pass the car moved so slowly that a quick-moving man on foot might have overtaken and passed us, but my brother refused to stop or even to believe the grade of the highway would force us to stop — and perhaps turn back. *That* we simply refused to *think* of doing. We were on our way to San Francisco and we would get to San Francisco.

At the summit my brother turned to me, smiled, nodded, and roared, "There! The top! And now we roll." And roll we did.

As luck would have it, we came at the bottom of the Pass to rain that was so heavy it was scarcely possible to *think* of it as rain. It was a deluge. The black canvas top of the car was sopping wet, the visibility through the windshield was frequently zero, and the highway was slippery enough to let us know that we were again at work to avoid being stopped from reaching San Francisco. The rain was

a test, not only of the car, but of us. And then the rain stopped, too. And again my brother smiled, nodded and roared, "San Francisco, here we come."

We weren't exactly kids — I was 16 — but we weren't exactly veterans, either. And this was our first automobile trip. If it flopped, there would be an unfortunate precedent that had to do not only with motoring, but with *going* in general. And we knew that to grow is to go. None of this was put into words, although we talked fairly steadily the whole nine or 10 hours of the trip, beginning a little before day-break.

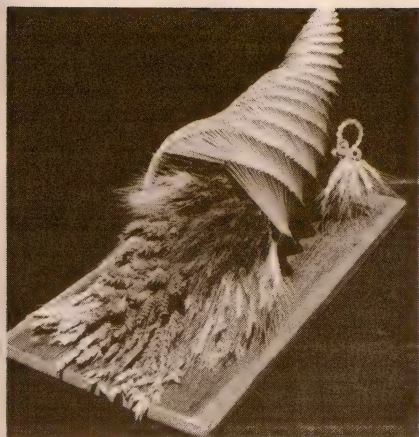
Family opposition to the trip had been reasonable, courteous and intelligent, but in the end we not only won the gentle dispute, we transformed the opposition into allies: A whole apple-box was filled with all kinds of good food to eat, surely enough for a week, in case the journey came to an unexpected end in a place where help might not be instantaneous.

It didn't, though, and we arrived in San Francisco safe and sound, exhilarated and proud, and now and forever after men of the world, open, free and waiting.

In Kristiansand I remembered other adventures of motoring, but in the end all of the motoring I had ever done gathered together into one long continuing journey — the journey of myself in the living world, high-rolling down the living highway to Bakersfield, Mexico City, Kristiansand and meaning. □

THE MAGICAL ART OF WHEAT- WEAVING





by Marian A. Rogers

photos by Esther Foth

STEP INSIDE Lucille Brubacher's dilapidated boxcar outside her farm home near Newton, Kansas. It's the place to meet some wheat destined to be something more exciting than a Ritz cracker or breakfast food.

As Lucille's guest, please help yourself to an armful of the wheat hanging from the ceiling. A wheat-weaving spree has been arranged for your pleasure. You'll visit the Smithsonian Institution, eyeball a giant re-



plica of the Liberty Bell, pause at a schoolhouse, discover corn dollies, and sample other adventures before returning to the railroad relic where it's cool and dry.

Wheatworks of art? Yes, indeed! No other words describe Lucille's way with wheat. It was good enough to take her to the Smithsonian. Lucille is new to wheatweaving but she's a central character in the renaissance of wheatweaving in America. Thousands of years old, wheatweaving is easy to learn. You can weave a simple whistlechain or an ornate Yorkshire chalice and candlestick. Wheatweaving was brought to America by British colonists, but the art nearly died out because everyone was busy subduing the wilderness.

In April 1976, a Smithsonian scout who'd heard about Lucille's wheat-wizardry inquired if she could handle a week's weaving at the Institution's Festival of American Folklife. After four days of watching incredible wheat wonders created before their eyes, on the Mall between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument, onlookers begged to buy them. Lucille shared the spotlight with Doris Johnson, a young Kansas woman who drives a tractor, sows her own wheat and taught Lucille how to weave.

"People just went crazy," Lucille reminisces. "Everyone wanted to buy and learn."

They're learning. Courses are springing up all over America, craft-books on wheatweaving sell well and Lucille's swamped with requests. This

pleases her, for Lucille loves to demonstrate this inexpensive way of creating beauty from a few wheatstalks.

The popularity of wheatweaving doesn't surprise Kansas. Two hundred Kansans painstakingly shaped a 10-foot-tall Liberty Bell from wheat. It was shown at the Smithsonian for two years as a Bicentennial display. Lucille plaited the 66-inch-long clapper using nine straw spiral weaves and uncountable splices.

Visiting the Smithsonian brought a surprise for Lucille. In the First Ladies Hall, she came across an Empire gown worn by Maria Monroe, daughter of President James Monroe. It was a lovely dress, and, imagine if you will, Maria swishing through the presidential mansion, the candlelight setting the silk-embroidered hem aglow. Only it's not silk embroidery. It's wheat, split, threaded through a needle and sewn on in exquisite stitches. You'd vow it's thread, but, instead, it's a gorgeous decorative wheat touch.

Lucille had no idea wheatweaving could be so decorative. Until 1974, Lucille knew nothing about wheatweaving nor of the existence of a Suffolk Horseshoe, a Welsh Border Fan or an African Fringe. They are three superb examples of wheatweaving.

Wheatweaving's origin goes back to the earliest farmers who crudely shaped the last sheaf into a human form housing the soul of the fertility god, thus ensuring bountiful harvests. Much changed, the practice is found in many cultures, but not known al-

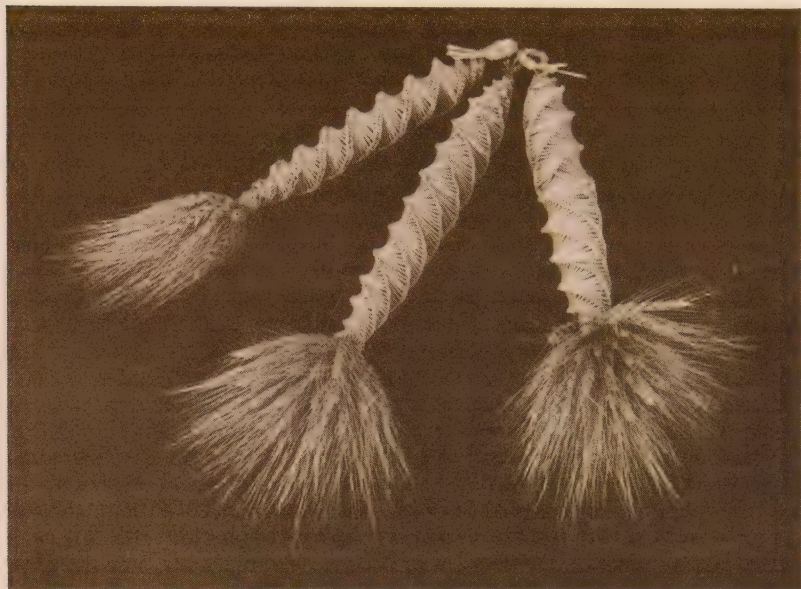
ways as wheatweaving. In England, a wheatweaving is a corn dolly.

Corn dollying is enjoying a tremendous revival in England. Alec Coker, retired BBC engineer, has spent 10 years teaching the ageless art. Many's the cottage where corn dollies add a warm touch. You also find them in pubs, blackened with age and tobacco smoke. Corn dollies are featured in Coker's excellent book, *The Craft of Straw Decoration*. You may find you can learn to wheatweave by reading the book if you've a knack for do-it-yourself.

There are hundreds of designs, something I didn't know when I first

met Lucille. I went looking for her at the 1977 Bethel College Fall Festival. The college is just a few wheatfields away from Lucille's place. I found her surrounded by people. She was a gold blur of lightning speed. No one spoke, enthralled by the same magic that captivated the Smithsonian audience.

Anyone in or around Newton or Walton, Kansas, ought to look Lucille up. If you never get to Kansas, your library may have Lettice Sanford's book, *Straw Work and Corn Dollies*. Or you can probably find a wheatweaving class. And Lucille said to tell you that if she can master wheatweaving, you can too. □



Take the Reins of a New Breed of MUSTANG

by Michael E. Maattala

GREAT THINGS have happened to Ford's new breed of Mustang since its introduction last fall. First, *Car and Driver* readers voted it "Most Significant New Domestic Car" in the magazine's 1979 Readers' Choice Poll. Then, a mechanically modified Mustang served as the official pace car at America's most prestigious auto race, the Indianapolis 500. And all the while, car buyers kept saying, "Make mine Mustang." After the first eight months of the model year, Mustang sales were up 61 per cent over last year — making it the best-seller in its market segment.

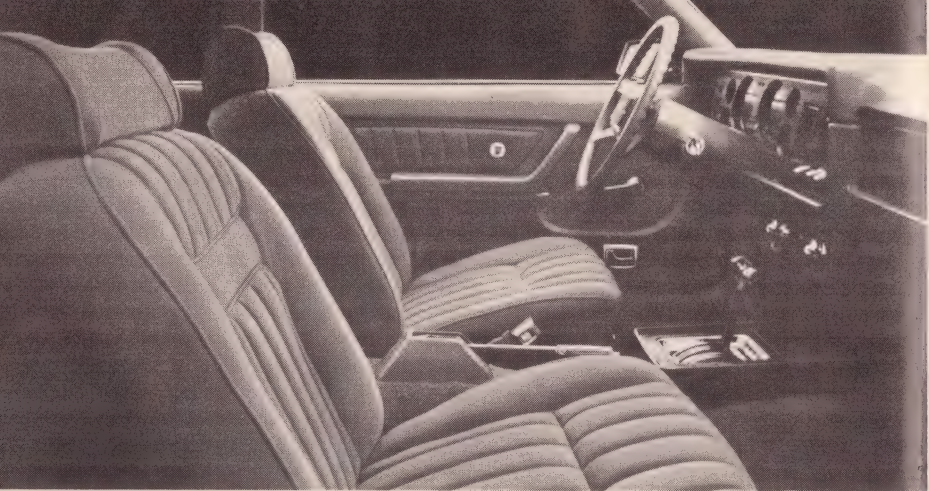
There's no better term for Mustang than "a new breed." Mustang for '79 offers new styling, new engine choices and a new size. Consider this: Mustang's dramatic sports car styling — with a drag coefficient of .405 on the three-door and .425 on the two-door — gives it one of the most efficient aerodynamic designs of any car built in America. And efficient aerodynamic styling is important for both road performance and fuel economy.

For Mustang fans who pay special attention to what's under the hood, the big news this year is a new turbocharged 2.3-liter engine. This optional power plant is Ford's first engine to use turbocharging. At higher engine speeds, the turbocharger compresses more fuel and air into the cylinders, enhancing combustion for increased power output. This enables you to get performance comparable to that of some larger V-8 engines. Other features of the turbocharged 2.3-liter option are an 8,000 rpm tachometer, an audible overboost and engine oil temperature monitoring system, and a sport-tuned exhaust with bright dual tailpipe extensions.

Another newcomer to Mustang's power plant lineup — this one a mid-year addition — is the 3.3-liter (200-CID) six-cylinder engine. No car line in the small specialty segment provides you with greater flexibility in meeting your specific performance

**Tu-Tone Mustang two-door
with Sport Option**





Above: Ghia interior with optional velour cloth and vinyl upholstery. Below: Fold-down rear seat is standard on three-door Mustangs



and fuel-economy needs. Completing Mustang's lineup are the standard 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine, a 2.8-liter V-6 and a 5.0-liter (302-CID) V-8. Equipped with the 2.3-liter engine and fully synchronized four-speed manual transmission, Mustang has an EPA estimate of 21 mpg and a highway estimate of 31 mpg.*

Mustang's new size has plenty of pluses. Compared with last year, Mustang is wider and longer overall with a longer wheelbase. And there's more four-passenger roominess than in '78. Yet through greater use of high-strength steel and other lightweight materials, this year's Mustang weighs up to 190 pounds less than last year's.

Mustang has precise handling, too, thanks to sports-car features like a modified MacPherson front suspension, four-bar link rear suspension, front stabilizer bar and rack-and-pinion steering. For even better handling, there's the optional Handling Suspension and radial tires. Included are radial-tuned springs and shock absorbers plus stiffer suspension bushings and a rear stabilizer bar for increased roll control.

To get the ultimate in Mustang handling, order the optional Michelin TRX tires, metric forged aluminum wheels and specially tuned suspension. This system provides Mustang with cornering ability comparable to that of some high-performance sports cars costing thousands more.

With all that the new Mustang has to offer, it's easy to understand why it

was named America's most significant new car in *Car and Driver* magazine's poll of more than 25,000 readers. In being selected from a group of 12 domestic automobiles, the 1979 Mustang received the highest number of votes cast for an American car since the poll began in 1964.

Mustang is available in base two- and three-door models and luxurious Ghia two- and three-door models. The standard interior is far from plain, with front bucket seats, full instrumentation, deluxe cut-pile carpeting, deluxe steering wheel, and full door trim with bright hardware and moldings, a padded upper panel and a carpeted lower portion. New this year is a two-lever system on the steering column that puts vital controls virtually at your fingertips. One lever controls the windshield wiper and washer, and the other controls the turn signals, horn and headlamp dimmer.

Mustang three-door models add the versatility of a liftgate that opens easily to expose a cargo area of 32.4 cubic feet with the rear seat folded down. The base three-door also comes with the distinctive accents of the Sport Option: black window frames, belt and rocker panel moldings; full wraparound black bodyside moldings

** Use these mileage estimates to compare to the estimated mpg of other cars. Your mileage may differ, depending on your speed, weather and distance. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the highway estimate. The estimated California mpg is lower.*



Mustang three-door

and bumper rub strips (standard on all Mustangs) with dual accent stripe inserts, 13-inch sport wheels and a sport steering wheel.

Ghia for '79 continues as a skillful blend of traditional Mustang handling features and luxurious refinements. And, for the first time, it comes in both two- and three-door models. In-

side, you enjoy comfort-contoured, low-back bucket seats with distinctive European-style headrests and rear bench seat trimmed in vinyl. Soft velour cloth and vinyl or leather and vinyl trim are optional choices. Other Ghia interior touches include luxury door trim with map pockets, passenger-side visor vanity mirror, roof-

Mustang two-door with Sport Option and turbocharged engine



mounted passenger grab handle and luxurious cut-pile carpeting.

Ghia's elegance carries over outside with bodyside and decklid pin stripes, turbine wheel covers, bright belt and rocker panel moldings, and color-keyed remote-control styled mirrors.

Making a dramatic entry is easy with the three-door Cobra option. The Cobra package gets you rolling with turbocharged 2.3-liter engine, four-speed manual transmission, 3.45 rear axle ratio, Michelin TRX tires, forged metric aluminum wheels and special suspension system. Also included are front disc brakes with new semi-metallic pads and aluminum rear brake drums. For extra flair, the lower bodysides are in black, and "COBRA" decals grace the side doors. The special interior features a black engine-turn design appliqué on the instrument panel, and ribbed door-trim inserts with Cobra insignia.

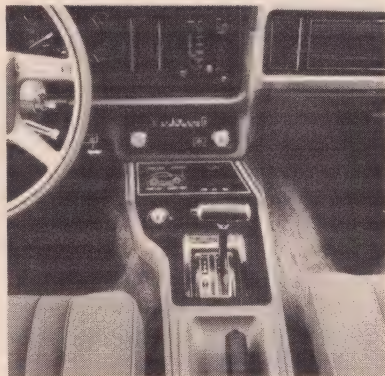
Mustang's great range of options makes it simple to personalize the car with your kind of features. Two great convenience options offered on Mustang for the first time are Fingertip Speed Control and a tilt steering wheel. With speed control, you can set any safe speed above 30 mph and maintain it without keeping your foot on the accelerator. The system is deactivated by pressing the brake pedal. Resumption of a preset speed is accomplished by pressing the "resume" button. For additional convenience, the tilt steering wheel lets you adjust the wheel *up* out of the way for

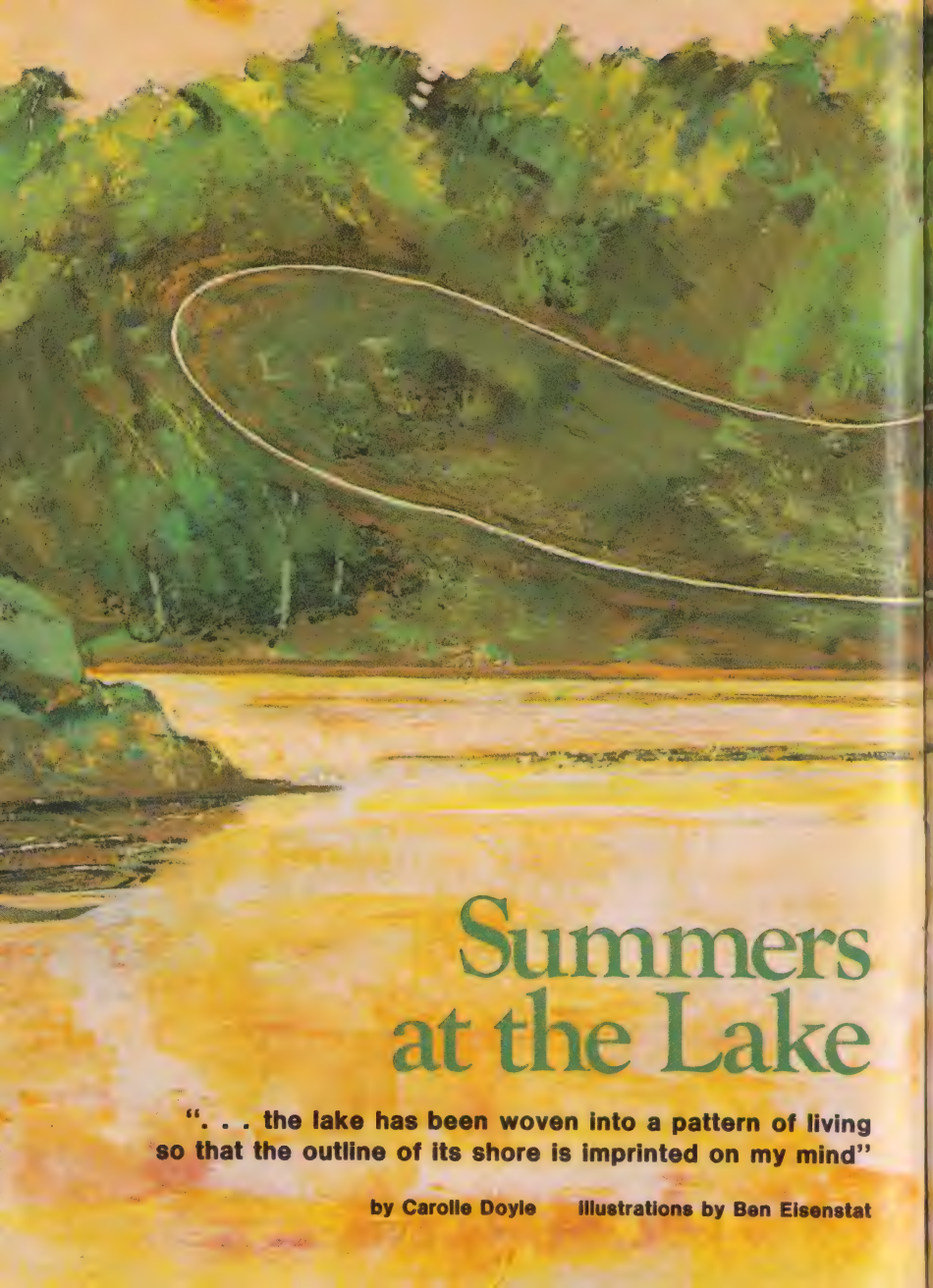
easier entering and exiting, and *up or down* to make it easier for you to change driving positions on long trips.

Other options available on Mustang for the first time are a rear-window wiper/washer, a premium sound system, a power lock group and a console that includes these two examples of electronic wizardry: a graphic warning display module that indicates low fuel, low washer fluid and failure of head lamp, tail lamp or brake lamp; and a digital clock that displays time, date or elapsed time.

For buyers who want the ease of power-assist driving, Mustang is available with power front disc brakes and variable ratio rack-and-pinion power steering. Mustang's versatile SelectShift automatic transmission has a T-bar floor shift lever that you can shift manually whenever you wish. □

New optional console includes electronic digital clock and graphic warning display module





Summers at the Lake

**"... the lake has been woven into a pattern of living
so that the outline of its shore is imprinted on my mind"**

by Carolle Doyle

Illustrations by Ben Eisenstat



WE SPENT eight summers at the lake, but they have merged together in my mind so that I remember only one long summer unbroken by intervening winters and springs. I can see myself swimming clear across the lake for the first time but cannot recall the year. I can still remember the strangeness of the cabin with its resin-scented walls, but the lake has been woven into the pattern of living so that the outline of its shore is imprinted on my mind.

Memory has begun to play strange tricks. I find it hard to recall the events of a year ago, and yet 40 years can slip away at the mere touch of a hand. A familiar hand, gnarled about the knuckles, large and square-fingered, a hand that once used to shake me gently but persistently out of sleep.

The summons, when it came, was for me alone. I lay awake in the before-dawn dark listening to the rhythmic breathing of my cousin Jack hunched up beside me. Jack stared out of sleep-blind eyes mumbling vaguely, turned, and was deep in some dream before I had finished dressing.

I felt a secret pride in getting up at that cold, dark hour. It was a crude imitation of manhood, although I didn't know it at the time. In the kitchen, Uncle Joe was making hot oatmeal and coffee for us. I watched, chin in hand, as he moved in and out of the light of the kerosene lamp, happy in our silent companionship. Joe rarely talked too much. He would make a few remarks about the weather and one or two last-minute instructions.

"Have you got your jacket and an extra sweater? Warm yourself by the stove then."

And then we were ready.

We went out into the grey world. The early morning mist obscured the path. I sucked in a breath of cold air and blew it out like smoke. The path seemed to have gained extra twists and turns in the fog until it ended abruptly and I almost stepped into the lake. We surprised a muskrat that scuttled into the water with an astonished splash.

The boat had been beached high up on the shore; it was pearled with dew and Joe muttered under his breath for having forgotten to bring the cushions in. We spread newspapers over the damp seats instead, working quietly at stowing the fishing rod and bait, pushing the boat out into the lake. I shoved off with an oar, felt the boat grind on the bottom, hold for an instant and suddenly float free.

Uncle Joe liked to back-oar slowly and pause awhile before turning the boat round and heading out. We were floating on an unseen lake in a one-dimensional world.

The mist had leached out color so that the only thing not reduced to a shade of grey was the stub of Joe's cigarette glowing between his fingers. It had even reduced sound to one dimension, for all far and intermediary noises had been extinguished. The slap of water against the boat seemed unusually loud.

We rowed toward an invisible point of land across the lake. It was



Joe's favorite spot, with a gravel bottom and a table of boulders barely beneath the surface. An ideal ground for bass fishing, but less than ideal for a boat in the mist. Joe negotiated the last 20 yards carefully, slipping the anchor over the side in some relief.

Bobbing up and down in the boat at anchor, I watched as my uncle baited the first hook of the day. The

rod became an extension of the man, the minnow dangled on the line, swept back following the curve of the arm and sank soundlessly into the lake.

The rod had all my attention now. Cast and reel in, cast and reel in, with the line lying in the palm of my uncle's hand. Somewhere down there the fish were nibbling at the minnow, toying with it, sending up sharp little



impulses on the line. A tug that tingled through the fingers. I felt my own palms sticky from anticipation.

Sometimes I longed to hold the rod, but it was my part to be a watcher on the lake. Now I, too, take my nephews out on the lake. They make a great deal of noise and rarely catch anything, although they tell me it's great fun. But they have never learned from watching the endless repetition of one action, and I doubt that they will grow up to love it as I do.

In any case, I was content enough to watch, happy when Joe offered brief explanations for changing the bait or direction of the cast. Uncle Joe had been casting toward the shore for 15 minutes when he changed. "Feels like a school of perch down there," he said. "Well, they're good eating fish but I think I'll go for the bass. They should be about 15 yards farther out."

He hit a school of small-mouth bass almost immediately. The line screamed out to be drawn back slowly, the rod bowing toward the surface of the lake. The bass ran with the bait four or five times, but at each

run, the distance between fish and boat shortened. I watched the water for the first glint of scales, ready to scoop up the bass. It was a sticky moment leaning out away from the boat, afraid lest I should somehow lose the fish, but I landed it safely. The bass lay in the well of the boat, a green-bronze prize, its gills working uselessly in an alien element.

The mist began to rise in tendrils that curled upward to form a low cloud above our heads. The surface of the lake was alive with dun-colored insects that skittered across the water. Dragonflies hovered around the boat, slim as matches, vivid blue — we called them darning needles. One rested momentarily on the end of the rod, transparent wings stiffly horizontal like the wings of a plane.

The point had become visible, a strip of deer-nibbled turf patched with blueberry bushes and hedged in by pines. The pines marched up the Adirondack Mountains, rimming the lake, with here and there a white birch standing out in its naked trunk. The Indians made canoes and paper from its bark, or so we had been told. Jack and I used to scribble notes on tissue-thin strips, and I dreamed of making a canoe.

"Look, deer."

Uncle Joe always saw the deer first, and I followed his gaze. Three does stood on the edge of the shade.

"This is their territory. They're watching us, so we must become part of the lake. We have to respect them and not intrude."

I watched, enchanted. The deer

and the morning, the sun glowing red through the last remnants of mist.

The mist had cleared, and Joe had caught five bass — we only needed two more for supper. The day was beginning to expand, the lake had opened out so that I could see across its breadth to the farther shore. In the hotel and scattered cabins, people were stirring.

It was a sensuous time. Sound traveled across the water, coming in thick pulsating vibrations that ran through my fingertips. I played the listening game, deciphering the sharp, soft, sudden sounds from the shore. It was easy; I had become part of the lake itself. I heard the help arriving at the hotel, heard the slam of car doors, the crunch of gravel, high voices of the maids calling to each other.

"What about a swim then?" "All right."

They came down to the lake in vivid costumes laughing and giggling, unrecognizable without their stiff uniforms. Two solitary figures bobbing up and down in the clear water. I watched them scramble out, drying themselves as they ran up the path, guilty because they had stayed too long.

Somewhere a truck negotiated a hill, grinding from gear to gear, and then the door of our cabin slammed. I recognized the high voice of Jack, and the deeper tenors of young Joe and my brother Bill. Feet on the path sounded loud. They looked out across the lake and I looked at them in mute recognition. It was an unwritten law that we

must not wave or shout. They turned and disappeared into the pines, scenting out the changes that the night had brought.

The essence of the morning had dispersed along with the mist. People were preparing to sit out in the sun, or swim. The boats from the hotel dotted the lake and Uncle Joe grumbled at the noise. I crinkled up my eyes against the glare of the sun bouncing off the lake — my jacket and sweater had long been discarded.

Joe reeled in the line for the last time and passed the sandwiches over to me. As usual they consisted of peanut butter and jelly spread on thick white bread. I stared out over the lake catching a glimpse of Jack and my brother through the clearing. They were playing baseball with some of the boys from the hotel. Jack popped the ball a few feet into the air; I could have hit a line drive with that pitch. The secret pride in the morning had dissolved. I wanted to go back. I could join in the game before it ended.

"We'll head back now."

"Yes," I said. It was time to go in. □



by Emma Lewis

illustrations by Kingsley Calkins

PRINCESS, the pileated woodpecker, was at work on the elm log that stood at the end of her cage. She was drumming away like a riveter. Sometimes her pounding was so loud that I

had to leave the kitchen to give my ears a rest. It was about time for her release.

One November morning I'd had a phone call at 7:30 from a young girl

The Royal Redhead



whose family I know well and who knows that I have licenses to keep wounded birds.

"I have a pileated woodpecker for you," she said.

"Where did you get a pileated woodpecker?" I asked.

"I work as a waitress on weekends near here. The restaurant is right in the woods. Last night, about 10 o'clock, I went out to fix a window screen that was loose. In the light from the window I saw this big bird with a red topknot lying on the ground. It made only the feeblest effort to move. I went in and got the cook. He came out and threw his apron over it to pick it up. We kept it in a box overnight. I'll be there in 30 minutes."

It was too cold to put a wounded bird on the patio. A pileated needs a big cage. The only table I had big and strong enough to support such a cage was the dinette table in the kitchen. I was glad that it was Saturday, with my husband home to help me.

We'd just placed the cage, a 4x5x3-foot structure, on the table when the bird arrived. The bird lay on its side in the box, not offering to stand, though it did hold its red-crested head erect. We thought that it was a female.

We examined her feet, legs and wings. None had any breaks. Perhaps it was only sprains. But I knew that the bird must be hungry for it probably hadn't eaten for hours before it had been found.

I had plenty of live mealworms and

frozen crickets that I always keep for insect-eating birds. I thawed out a dozen or more crickets and removed the sharp, horny, hind legs.

Force feeding of small birds is relatively easy. One can do it alone. But with a bird the size of a pileated, it's different. Over the years, however, my husband has developed a technique for such cases, which though hard on the right index finger, works.

He offered the bird his right forefinger. In fright, she grabbed it. With his left hand, he picked her up and lifted her out of the cage. While her bill was propped open, I impaled cricket after cricket on a long wooden toothpick and put them one at a time in the back of her throat, waiting each time until she'd swallowed. I also gave her a few drops of water from a pipette. After about a dozen crickets, we let her rest. But while she was still a captive, we weighed and measured her. She weighed 300 grams, which is approximately 10 ounces. She measured 17 inches from bill tip to tail tip and had a wing spread of 28 inches. That day and the next we fed her every three hours.

On Monday morning before my husband left, I thought I'd get everything ready for the feeding. I laid the mealworms and crickets on the table outside the cage in easy reach. Then I opened the cage door, picked her up and sat down to wait. As I sat I reflected. For years one of my bird ambitions had been to see a pileated woodpecker. Now I was sitting holding one in my hands.

I didn't get to reflect long though, for suddenly she reached over to the table and began eating crickets, hungrily. Our feeding problem was solved.

We have many people who come to see our birds. Most of them call beforehand. One Sunday a professor of the Wildlife Ecology Department from the University called. I told him about our bird.

"Oh that's splendid luck for us. We were just going to ask if we could come today."

He told us that our bird was an immature female — a female because she lacked the red whiskers of the

male and immature because the irises of her eyes were still dark. In adult females, the irises are golden. The white neck stripe and white-splashed wings are the same in both sexes.

As we talked, I recalled a passage I had read in Arthur Cleveland Bent's book, *Life Histories of the North American Woodpeckers*. Bent wrote, "The pileated has several homespun names, logcock, cock-of-the-woods, and black woodpecker. But whatever its local name is, this big spectacular bird is definitely the king of the woods, regal in behavior, independent and tenacious, a denizen of extensive forests and a symbol of primeval wilderness."

The pileated is the largest woodpecker in North America with the exception of the ivory-billed, which may be extinct.

Pileateds are essentially shy birds, concealing themselves in tree tops where they are more often heard than seen. It is believed that they mate for life, chiseling out a nest area about 4 x 7 inches in some limbless, barkless tree to rear their young.

The young are fed by regurgitation. Their food consists mainly of insects, supplemented with acorns and berries. Ants are their favorite food.

Pileateds may be found in Northern, Southern and Western forests. Their scientific name is *Dryocopus pileatus*.

I decided to name her Princess. Whatever injury Princess had sustained, she improved fast and was soon starting to flap against the hard-



ware cloth of the cage. This would ruin her wings. To prevent this, we lined the cage with heavy plastic. We also laid a 10-inch-thick, 18-inch-long log in her cage. When hungry she could get off the log and feed herself. Later, we added a larger, mounted, upright log so that she could stand on it in a vertical position.

Princess was eating well now. I fed her four times a day, and she could eat a dozen mealworms and 35 crickets at a time. Mealworms are \$3 per thousand but crickets are \$12 per thousand.

Her cage had to be cleaned frequently. Even so, she sometimes soiled her feathers. On birds, soiled feathers are spoiled feathers unless cleaned. She was too big for me to upend under the kitchen sink faucet. So I'd turn the shower on low, catch her and carry her, digging her claws into my fingers, to the bathroom. I really needed a third hand. We managed, but sometimes I got just as wet as she did.

Because of her almost incessant drumming and chiseling on her logs, much wood was chipped off. To clean the floor I'd use the vacuum. Almost every bird I've ever had has disliked the vacuum. But not Princess. It was just as if the orchestra were playing and she had a compulsion to join in for the drum beat with her rat-tat-tat.

By early December, Princess was getting restless. We felt that it was time for her release. But the weather was subzero with much snow. By December 11, however, it suddenly



warmed to the forties and the snow melted, with a long-range forecast of good weather. This was our chance.

On December 12, with several friends who wanted to watch her fly away, including the girl who had picked her up, we took her to the spot where she'd been found. Lifted from the box, she paused only a second, then flew ably to a leafless tree in the woods. We watched her for quite a while through binoculars. She drummed a little and moved around and around the tree as if feeling her freedom. We felt satisfied that she was OK.

The others had returned to the cars. I thought I'd take just one more look with the glasses. She was in a fine position for watching, side view, toes clutching, red-crested head erect. No doubt it was my imagination, but it seemed to me at that moment, as I looked at her through my binoculars, that that great dark, left eye winked at me. □

Looking for the STATUE'S WINK in Endicott, New York

by Anthony Serafini

illustrations by Harvey Kidder

THERE is a saying in Endicott, New York, that if you wink at the statue of George F. Johnson, the old man winks back. Well, I haven't seen the wink to this day, but I know it's there. It's a grand statue, of a grand old man, and his omniscient eye watches over Endicott from his dais on Main Street. George F. founded the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Company in 1901, and for all intents and purposes, the town of Endicott was born with it.

There are many reasons for going to Endicott. I won't burden you with all of them — I'm not sure everyone should know all of them — like the fact that you can still get fresh prosciutto ham at \$4.95 a pound at Tedeschi's on the North Side (no way you'll get *that* out of me). But never mind, old George F. would not be pleased if I let you in on *all* the mysteries of Endicott.

You *can*, if you're in a hurry and

have no soul, enter Endicott via I-81 to Binghamton, down State Highway 17c and on to Main Street. I confess to having entered that way myself, in moments of great weakness. You do get a panoramic view of sorts, of the valley in which Endicott is nestled; the "foot of the Adirondacks" as it is referred to locally. It is a valley frozen in time, as if its destiny were to forever shield this town of 16,000 from the changes of the world outside. Sadly, the panorama passes far too quickly on Highway 17c.

So far as I can tell, there is one and only one good reason for entering Endicott on that highway and that quickly: huckleberry pie. One can still find huckleberry pie in Endicott. One will always find huckleberry pie in Endicott. That proposition is the closest thing to a universal axiom you will find in this world. Were I a betting man, I would wager that the town was founded solely for the preserva-



tion of this venerable American institution. You understand, of course, that I'm not talking about blueberry pie. That's all right in its way, I suppose. Yet I've always preferred huckleberry — possibly because of the guilt induced by allowing a rather respectable huckleberry pie to topple ignominiously from my bicycle in front of Bonnie's Ice Cream Parlor in the summer of 1951.

But when huckleberries are out of

season, I prefer to enter Endicott from the back way, taking an early exit from I-81 and following the meandering, potted dirt roads through Whitney Point, listening to the wind caressing the flora of the Adirondack Valley. The roads are inferior, the crows can be noisy and you have to watch out for woodchucks if you go this way, but it will not bother you. When you've negotiated this route, you continue into West Endicott by Nanti-

cocke Creek, down Nanticocke Avenue past the old Witherill mansion and into Endicott proper. Yet danger lurks by every stalwart maple tree. For one thing, you cannot avoid Pat Mitchell's Ice Cream Shop. When once you enter its sphere of influence, you are irresistibly drawn up the hill, onto Main Street and into Pat Mitchell's.

One cannot resist that which God in His wisdom has preordained. Founded decades ago, this venerable institution is listed among the top 10 ice-cream parlors in the United States by the *Boston Globe*. Nobody knows how Pat does it, but his ice cream is a time machine in a cone. I will go there — always — to know that joyous sensation, that indefinable parlor taste of the 1940s.

Yet the delights do not end here. Since the turn of the century the Olde

Cider Mill has been supplying townspeople with donuts below the old Erie Railroad semaphore on the viaduct over Nanticocke Avenue. The mill is open only from August 25 to December 1, though the sight of skilled workers squeezing and processing fresh apples is not to be overlooked if at all possible.

In addition to the usual sugar crul-
lers and cider, you can enjoy caramel and coconut caramel candied apples for a modest price at the mill's store.

Past the cider mill and beyond the semaphores you come shortly to the site of the old Erie Railroad station on North Street. There, the pleasant clacking of the stationmaster's telegraph is now unheard. The trains no longer stop, yet an occasional old-timer can be found watching the freight trains and mourning the demise of passenger service.

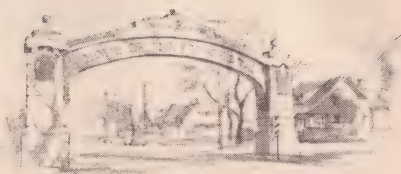


Some say that the haunting oratory of the ghost of Daniel Webster (who delivered the opening address at the station) can still be heard; listen.

The Erie Railroad first came through in 1849, when the town was no more than a whistle-stop on the way to the glamour of New York. Because of the decline of the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Company (which had attracted many workers to Endicott), the last passenger train rolled out of Endicott December 27, 1969. I recall because I was on that particular train. That I was on it, was an ironic gift given by the hand of time. I was on my way to a job interview for the position I still hold. There was a rather forbidding snowstorm that night and my flight had been grounded. Had it not been for this, the very last passenger train ever out of Endicott, I might never have made that interview. Maybe it was Endicott's way of saying, "Goodbye, native son. You're grown now; we saved the last train for you." Perhaps it was just coincidence.

Freight trains rumble through Endicott with the relentless regularity they've always shown. When I visit, I still savor the pleasant vibrations felt whenever the midnight special passes, just 100 yards or so behind my house on North Street.

Going farther down North Street, you come into the industrial section. The old Endicott-Johnson Shoe Company is pretty much gone now, but the buildings still stand as permanent reminders of Endicott's leathery past. The company was founded in Endi-



cott, under the guidance of G. F. Johnson. Strangely, there is little sadness over the demise of the company. Why this should be so is just another of the unfathomables one finds around every corner of this town. Certainly feelings toward the company are no explanation. The Johnsons were universally loved for the extraordinary care and attention they paid to their 19,000 workers. It was often claimed that old G. F. knew each by his or her first name. Though wages were never outstanding, they were more than made up for in terms of medical care, vacation time and many other fringe benefits. Though the decline of the company was often ascribed to competition from imported shoes. I have another view. My theory has always been that the ill-fated shoe company was, like Dickens' Ghost of Christmas Past, only a catalyst — a body of purely transitory existence whose function was to provide a decent living for the large Italian immigrant population of Endicott in the 1940s and 1950s, until the then-fledgling International Business Machines (IBM) Corp. could take over the sustenance of the town.

Yet the legacy of the Johnsons

lives on. IBM (which also owes its birth to Endicott) continues to employ the sons and daughters of the employees of the Johnsons. The George F. Johnson Memorial Library on Broad Street serves as a treasure house of upstate New York memorabilia and literature. The original home of G. F. Johnson, in all its grandeur, still stands behind the library, welcoming all who wish to see it.

As you continue through the industrial section, past the main shopping area of Washington Avenue, you notice signs of the present. In the unpredictable streets of this part of town, you will find an old shoe store near an organic food cellar, or an occasional far-out men's hair styling salon. Maybe this, more than anything, is the essence of Endicott: a town aware and proud of its past, yet able

to keep pace in a world of change. We have shopping malls, boutiques and health food restaurants in peaceful co-existence with the Olde Cider Mill and Pat Mitchell's (rumor has it that you can occasionally find long-haired employees of the health food restaurants furtively downing glazed donuts at the cider mill).

You can avoid Endicott, of course. But I wouldn't do that if I were you. For I rather suspect that when the millennium is upon us, everyone in the world will have wished they had tasted Pat Mitchell's flavors. And when you leave Endicott and pass the old likeness of George F. Johnson, be sure to look for that wink. If you don't see it, look once more. If you *still* don't see it, I guess you'll just have to pass this way again. For as all Endicottians know for sure, it's there. □



GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU CAN FIND A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING BUT GLOVES

Boardwalk Through a Swamp — A meandering 6,500-foot boardwalk near Harleyville, South Carolina, provides an interesting close-up look at a swamp with a wide assortment of wildlife and the nation's largest stand of virgin tupelo and cypress trees. It's all part of the privately owned Francis Beidler Forest. Take the State Highway 27 exit (No. 187) off I-26 and follow the Beidler Forest signs. Access to the boardwalk costs \$2 for adults, 50 cents for children.

Big Screen for Flying Experience — Spectators seeing the movie *To Fly* at the Pictorium theater in Marriott's Great America theme and amusement park at each Santa Clara, California, and Gurnee (just north of Chicago), Illinois, have been finding the experience so realistic that some get airsick. Each theater has a gigantic indoor motion picture screen: 70 feet tall and nearly 100 feet wide. The movie traces man's fascination with and conquest of the skies. Scenes include a wingtip-to-wingtip supersonic journey with the Navy's Blue Angels, a hot air balloon ride over New England, a barnstorming pilot's view of an everchanging horizon and breathtaking aerial perspectives of Niagara Falls and New York City.

The Body Guard — National Toll Free Marketing of Sacramento, California, offers subscribers a lifetime medical information service for emergencies anywhere in the United States. For a one-time cost of \$24.95, you receive to wear about your neck a medallion inscribed with a toll free number and your medical history file number. In the event of an accident, a physician can save precious moments by phoning free for your history. For more information, dial 800-824-7888 (in California, 800-852-7777).

A Hiker's Bible — Margaret Fuller is the author of a new 176-page paperback book, *Trails of the Sawtooth and White Cloud Mountains*, that describes more than 70 trails throughout 754,000 acres of largely untouched Idaho wilderness. The book includes 45 maps, black and white photographs, trip mileage and elevation, scenic highlights, driving directions and Fuller's impressions as a veteran backpacker. The book costs \$7.95 at bookstores or from Signpost Books, 8912 192nd Southwest, Edmonds, Washington 98020.

Sacramento Vacation Guide — The Sacramento Convention and Visitors Bureau has published a free 28-page full-color guide entitled *Welcome to Sacramento — California's New Destination*. It includes vacation descriptions and rates for hotels, tours, golf, tennis, horse racing, ballooning, houseboating, white water rafting and other attractions. Write the Bureau at 1100 14th Street, Sacramento, California 95814. □

PRAISING! TILLAMOOK CLAMS

illustrations by Robert Bragg

by William Kemsley



VISITING TILLAMOOK, Oregon, did not settle all of our quarrels about clams. It just gave us a couple more clams to argue about. My wife and I agree, though, that Tillamook has added two of the tastiest bivalves we've ever eaten to our gastronomic repertoire — the Pacific razor clam and the big Tillamook blue clam. Together, we are *almost* willing to agree

The adventure
and education in digging
for them
often runs a close second
to eating them



that these lowly mollusks were worth the price of our 3,000-mile trip there. And, for a while, the Tillamook morsels caused us to bury the hatchet on our perennial battle about whether my wife's favored Chesapeake Bay hard shells or my Maine clam-bake-type soft shells make the best steamers. (Now, I ask you, could there really ever be any doubt about which?)

Tillamook was more than just eating clams for us. It was an adventure and an education in clam digging. In spite of the magnificent salmon, steelhead and crab fishing in this area, my wife and I took to the clams.

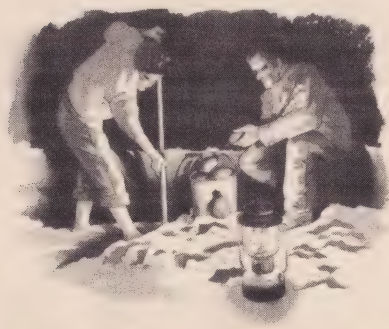
Frankly, to me, clam digging had always been just gathering the bucketful we needed for steaming. And I always went after them with a bucket or tin can, wading knee-deep into mucky tidal flats in the bays and river mouths of Maine and Massachusetts, often cutting my hands jabbing them deep enough into mud to trap the burrowing little soft-shell devils. Don't they taste better than lobster, though, steamed until they open, peeled out of

their skins, dipped into lemon butter and washed down with piping hot broth? And then there are the refinements of the argument. Are Ipswich or Sands Point steamers better? We've already eaten several bushels of clams trying to solve that one.

Of course, I do know that more sensible people use little clam "rakes" and save their hands. Anyway, clam rake or not, that type of clamming is nothing compared with what Tillamook Bay people go through. They are more enthusiastic. I might better say fanatical. They elbow each other fiercely in their quest for the choicest clamming grounds — worse than Brooklyn housewives scrambling for the door of a Flatbush Avenue bus. Tillamookians claim that from among the 400 species of edible clams dug from the 88,000 miles of United States tidal waters, theirs are best. And they have some convincing arguments.

When there is a good minus tide, no matter if it comes in the middle of the week or the middle of the night, believe it or not, they drop everything else in Tillamook and turn to their pursuit of the prized blue clams.

Getting the daily limit of 20 blue clams is no small accomplishment. Nothing like digging four steamers to a handful so easily accomplished in the mudflats of Boothbay, Maine. No, going after blue clams is more of an expedition. You need an assortment of equipment, ample time and the patience of a seasoned fisherman. Your equipment should include hip boots



(actually, sneakers will do if you don't mind getting wet), shovel (can be rented from almost any commercial establishment in Tillamook), and a boat (which you can also rent locally). If you really cotton to this thing, take along a gas lantern for your middle-of-the-night, minus-tide clamming sojourns.

I am serious. While in most small American communities the best place to meet everybody in town is in front of church on Sunday morning, in Tillamook the best place for same is on the tide flats at midnight an hour before a really good minus tide has run all the way out.

The reason for this minus-tide fetish is that with blues you are looking for the biggest clams you can find, not the smallest, as with quahogs or steamers. And the biggest will be in the tide flats that are rarely exposed for clam digging. They say it takes seven years to grow a five-inch blue clam. Therefore, the more minus the tide, the bigger the blues.

You know you have located one when you see the clam squirt or the dimple in the sand, as with other species. But, of course, the West has this megalomania. So with blues the squirt goes up two to three feet in the air, more like a whale spout than a clam squirt. And you frequently have to dig a foot and a half to two feet down to find Brother Blue.

More important than learning how to find blue clams, my wife and I discovered what to do with them after we got them. You can make them into



Tillamook chowder, which truly rivals the best of Boston. I suspect the recipe would be pretty good with other varieties of clams as well. It is accomplished along these lines: Brown finely chopped onions and bacon, pour off fat, add diced potatoes and a small amount of clam nectar. Cook until potatoes are soft, then add chopped clams, nectar and as much milk as you like; simmer five minutes. Bet your bippie.

Blue clam chowder is great. But one more thing my wife and I agreed upon: We like blues *fried* even more so. Dip them into flour, then into beaten egg and milk mixture. Roll in bread crumbs and fry. And please don't cook too long. But fabulous!

And now after all of this praise of the blue clam, which seems to be the choice of Tillamookians, I still like the

Tillamook razor clams more. Going after razor clams is quite a different sport. Much more relaxing. They are found on the ocean side instead of in the bay. They are Pacific razor clams, something like Atlantic razor clams, but more delicious. Around Tillamook they are found by Cape Lookout, Oceanside, Short Sands Beach and near Bayocean dike. You are allowed to take only the first 24 you dig, regardless of their size.

When digging for razor clams you don't have to worry about minus tides. You chase the surf as the water runs out into the sea, watching for the little tips of their shells sticking out of the freshly washed sand. Or, as with other varieties, watch for their squirt or their sand dimple.

There's a thin-bladed, short-handled shovel designed especially for razor clamming in this area. It is the only special equipment you need. You can rent one at any sporting equipment store. Or you can use clam "guns," which are suction devices and are also rentable in the area.

You must move quickly with ra-

zors, for they burrow away fast. The trick is to dig your shovel quickly into the sand about eight inches on the ocean side of the sand dimple and follow the shovel blade with your free hand in order to remove the clam. You must bring the shovel blade straight out, or else you'll break the razor clam's shell. The clams are about five inches long. Their shells are thin, easily broken and sharp, as their name implies.

Razor clamming is fun, and there are a few tricks to learn about it. For instance, we learned that stomping on the hard sand would shake up a whole bed of razor clams and start them squirting so that we could locate them.

I think they are, when fried, probably the tastiest we have ever eaten. Tillamookians tell us they fry them like this: Soak clams in cool, fresh water for about four hours. This allows the clams to work the sand out of themselves. Then open shell with a sharp knife, cut clam from shell, slit the clam body and neck the full length, leaving enough uncut to provide a hinge so that the clam can be laid out flat. With scissors cut off all the black parts. The black parts of all Tillamook clams are inedible and during some seasons mildly poisonous. Rinse with cool fresh water. Dip in egg batter, roll in cracker crumbs and fry in hot skillet for 1½ minutes. Greatest clam eating we ever had! (Except, of course, for Maine steamers. And, says my wife, except for Chesapeake Bay steamers.) □





PINTO

A Lot of Value for Your Money

by Cara L. Kazanowski

THERE'S probably no better value for the money on the road today in America than Pinto, claims Walter S. Walla, Ford Motor Company vice president and Ford Division general manager.

Mr. Walla cited "Pinto's new de-

sign and mechanical features, additional standard items, good fuel economy, and sticker price, which is well below those of competing imported cars," as reasons for Pinto's excellent value — and its continuing strong demand.



Pinto two-door sedan with Exterior Decor Group

"Of the 25 or so domestic and foreign subcompact cars sold in the United States in 1978, Pinto ranked third," Mr. Walla continued. "The more than 2.7 million Pintos sold since the car's introduction in 1971 are the best testimony we know to the

car's continuing value and strong consumer acceptance."

Pinto's refurbished design begins with an all-new front end: new rectangular headlamps, hood, grille and fenders. New front and rear aluminum bumpers with black end sections

and new horizontal tail lamps add a European accent to sedans and three-door models.

Inside, the sporty little car has a new instrument panel cluster with large rectangular pods housing the miles-and-kilometers speedometer, fuel gauge and international-style warning lamp symbols.

As do the 1977 and 1978 models, 1979 Pintos have redesigned fuel system features, including a longer filler pipe and a gas tank shield.

Pinto continues to be offered in four basic models, beginning with Pinto Pony, a two-door sedan. Pony's \$3,334 base suggested retail price makes it Ford Division's lowest-priced car and the lowest-priced popular subcompact in the U.S. market. The car line's other models are the Pinto sedan, three-door Runabout and station wagon.

For 1979, the station wagon lineup — which accounted for 28 per cent of all Pintos sold in 1978 — includes the standard wagon plus Pinto Pony Wagon, the lowest-priced station wagon in America; Pinto Squire, and Pinto Wagon with new Cruising or Rallye Pack options. The wagons hold four adults, plus 31.3 cubic feet of cargo with the rear seat up, or two adults and 57.2 cubic feet of cargo with the rear seat down.

All Pintos, including Pony, come equipped with full wheel covers, cut-pile carpeting, front bucket seats, split-cushion "bucket look" back seats and rack-and-pinion steering.

All models other than the Ponys

have a longer list of standard features than last year, including electric rear window defroster, AM pushbutton radio (may be deleted for credit), steel-belted radial tires, tinted glass, Deluxe Bumper Group, front stabilizer bar, bright window frames and vinyl insert bodyside moldings.

Not only is the initial purchase price low, but Pinto saves you money on gas. All Pintos come with the standard 2.3-liter 2V four-cylinder overhead cam engine which, when combined with the standard four-speed, fully synchronized manual transmission, has an EPA-estimated 22 mpg and a highway estimate of 32 mpg.* The optional SelectShift transmission, which provides either fully automatic operation in the D (drive) position or manual control, is also available with

** Use these mileage estimates to compare to the estimated mpg of other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather and distance. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the highway estimate. The California mpg is lower.*

Pinto's new instrument cluster



the 2.3-liter engine and the optional 2.8-liter V-6 engine.

The car saves money with its recommended scheduled maintenance operations that have been substantially reduced during the past six years. With the 1979 model, recommended service intervals are 10,000 miles or 12 months between oil changes and 30,000 miles between lubes.

Not only is Pinto an excellent value, but it has a long list of optional equipment and dramatic dress-up optional packages.

The newest optional group, the Rallye Pack, was introduced this spring on sedans, Runabouts and station wagons. Pinto becomes truly sporty via charcoal grille and head lamp doors; black greenhouse moldings, lower bodyside and window frames; dual sport mirrors; front spoiler; white-painted styled steel wheels with trim rings; "Rallye" bodyside tape, and narrow tricolor border tape

for black paint treatment. You also get everything in the Sports Package — sport steering wheel; instrument cluster with tachometer, ammeter and temperature gauges; upgraded suspension, and optional axle ratio with the 2.3-liter engine and four-speed manual transmission in Runabouts.

Pinto Runabouts with the Rallye package also get a rear spoiler with "Rallye" lettering tape and an all-glass third door with black hinges, while station wagons add a black luggage rack, inner and outer quarter-panel filler panels, porthole on quarter panels and quarter-filler carpet.

"Sporty with a sophisticated touch" describes the new-for-1979 ESS optional package for sedans and Runabouts, with its black exterior accents and sport equipment like those on the popular Granada ESS.

The popular Cruising Package, introduced last year on station wagons, now is available on the Runabout. The

Pinto Wagon with optional Rallye package





Sporty Scottish plaid comes with the Interior Decor Group

Runabout with Cruising Package wears multicolor bodyside paint-and-tape; blackout treatment on moldings and dual sport mirrors; white-painted styled steel wheels with trim rings, Sports Package and other eye-catching features.

Cruising Package features unique to the station wagon include the replacement of quarter rear side windows with a solid panel decked out in special paint and stripes and punctuated with a porthole. The liftgate window features black louvers, a real standout, which also helps shield occupants from the sun.

The Pinto Squire option dresses up

the station wagon with the Ford Division's "Squire" trademarks — vinyl woodtone paneling on bodysides and liftgate, woodtone surround rails, "Squire" nameplate and many more interior and exterior luxury extras.

Pinto's new 1979 options are an AM/FM stereo radio with cassette-tape player, lacy spoke cast-aluminum wheels and heavy-duty battery. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

PLEASE! Take Some Tomatoes

IF A WOMAN planted a single tomato seedling in the center of a barren plot of ground, then allowed only one or two fruits to be picked each day, and viciously stripped off any other tomatoes that showed signs of ripening too quickly, would you think that she was developing a new gardening technique, or wonder if she was simply the neighborhood nut?

Actually, I am neither botanist nor boob. It's just that the memory of a

**This novice gardener
found her bumper crop
a joy—and a nightmare—
at the same time**

by Pam Boyer

illustrations by Robert Boston

ghastly experience I had with tomatoes about a year ago still haunts me and causes me to react to them in this peculiar manner.

It all began innocently enough. Last spring while scanning the seed catalogs, my husband and I had become mesmerized by the tantalizing photographs of glossy red tomatoes flaunting themselves brazenly on nearly every page. Then and there, we novice gardeners decided we must have some of these beauties growing in our very own yard. So we immediately purchased two dozen tomato seedlings, our innocence of growing things leading us to suppose that only a few tomatoes would be produced.

We tended them lovingly. Only the White House lawn could have been watered with more care. As luck would have it, all of our plants lived and grew so darned many tomatoes in such a short time that we were giving them away daily to anyone who would haul them off the place.

The children disposed of some of them for us at their lemonade stand, but people are smarter than they look, and soon cold drinks, if accompanied by a surprise "grab bag," were a drug on the market.

TOMATOES! I froze them. I canned them. I fed them to the dog. I felt akin to a woman I'd once read about in the days when I'd had leisure time for such frivolities. Her overabundance of tomatoes, like mine, came to the table in every known guise: stewed, sliced, fried, pickled, souped.

"I can see right through you," her





husband would address the meal's main dish. "Don't try to deny it. You're a tomato!" My family heartily agreed.

But short of burning out the patch, what could I do? Those plants kept right on producing. They say talking to plants helps them grow, but how on earth do you stop them — import tomato worms? I tried ignoring them. Out of the corner of my eye I could see dozens of ripe, red globes just waiting to be picked and popped into a pot, and even more, still green, lurking under the leaves.

So in self defense, I took down every cookbook I owned to see if I couldn't do something with them in large quantities, and the catsup recipe sounded ideal, since four whole pounds of tomatoes were needed just to make one measly pint. I decided that a dozen jars would use up most of

my crop, and I could save nearly \$6 on a year's supply of store-bought catsup to boot. While shopping for the other ingredients needed to start the ambitious project, I sneered at the catsup lined in neat rows on the grocer's shelves; soon my own pantry would look the same.

Early the next morning I rushed out and stripped the plants of their bounty. However, the idea of finishing by noon, so that we could all enjoy homemade catsup on hot dogs for lunch, began fading long before the three hours it took to peel and chop all those tomatoes.

After boiling them in my three largest pots for half an hour, the recipe then dared me to press them all through a sieve. It forgot to mention that the tomatoes themselves might have something to say about this gruesome procedure. They balked at the very sight of the colander, and though I pushed and mashed with all my might, it was nearly an hour before they decided to cooperate and go through those holes.

Dumping the pulpy mess back into the pots, I added the sugar, vinegar and spices. I admit I got a bit carried away with the cinnamon when the lid fell into one of the pots, but I figured a little extra on this large a batch wouldn't make much difference anyway.

It was nearing noon when I began the actual cooking-down process, and two hours later I was still at it, panting and perspiring, my legs limp, my hair sticky, and my face as red as the mixture my aching arms were stirring.

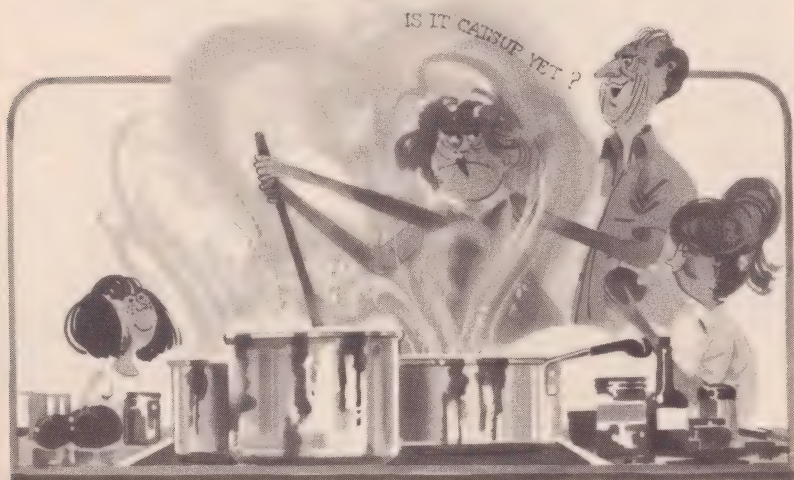
The mixture had finally boiled down enough to put it all in one pot, which seemed strange since it didn't look much thicker than when I had started, and to make matters worse, my family kept parading through the kitchen calling out, "Is it catsup yet?," as if they were auditioning for a television commercial.

Squinting through the steam, I wearily rechecked the recipe to see when this goo was supposed to be done, but it didn't offer much help, merely saying to boil it down to the proper consistency and bottle it. It looked more like tomato sauce than catsup, but that seemed proper enough to me, so I quit. The disappointment I felt at getting only six jars instead of 12 was eased by the relief at actually getting any at all.

Of course, the real test of my labors was to try it out on the family, so I fixed a big stew, threw in a jar of the sauce and went out to rest while it cooked.

At dinner, though, something was clearly amiss. One daughter refused to eat her food, loudly proclaiming that she'd rather starve. (I guess half a jar of cinnamon *was* a bit much.) The other girl was a bit more tactful, saying, "It's really different, Mom." My husband forced it down because he knew there was nothing else in the house to eat, and I was too tired to eat at all. Wandering out to the sticky kitchen, I sadly took all five remaining jars of sauce and pushed them far back on the cupboard shelf.

One evening not long after this, I was making tacos for supper, and with



sudden inspiration, I slipped in some of the ill-fated catsup, hoping that it could get by in a spicy dish undetected, but after his first bite my husband eyed me suspiciously.

"You put some of that funny catsup in this, didn't you?" he demanded.

"Well, what if I did!" I shot back.

"You don't need to come unglued," he replied with his usual calm manner. "I think these are the greatest tacos that you have ever made."

For a moment I didn't know whether to thank him or punch him in the nose, but the girls were equally

lavish with their compliments, too.

"Well, then," I said, "I must have made taco sauce." With a slight show of humor I added, "We use about a bottle of that a year, so I won't have to buy any more for nearly five years. How's that for economy?"

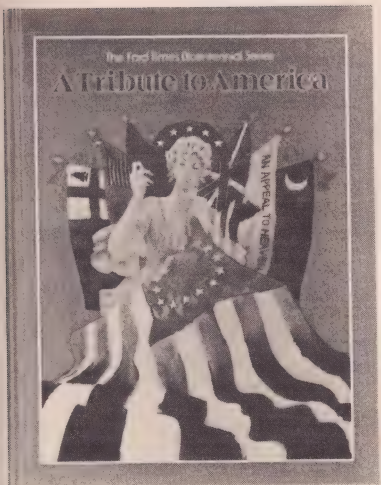
"Pretty strange," my husband answered dryly.

On my next trip to the market, I stopped at the display I had so recently scorned, and gratefully put a bottle of catsup in my basket, thinking 45 cents a mighty small price to pay for such convenience. □



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La Fontaine

Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



LA FONTAINE DETROIT PLAZA HOTEL DETROIT, MICHIGAN

La Fontaine is a delightful French restaurant in Detroit's newest river-front jewel, the Detroit Plaza Hotel, in the heart of Renaissance Center. It is one of more than a dozen restaurants in this ultramodern hotel designed by John Portman and operated by Western International Hotels. It is open for lunch Monday through Friday and dinner Monday through Saturday. Closed Sunday and major holidays. Reservations necessary. You can't miss the hotel. It's the tallest building downtown.

TOP HAT STEAK AND LOBSTER HOUSE, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

This popular spot across the Detroit River from Detroit is noted for steaks and seafoods as well as many ethnic-oriented items. Mike Drakich, the owner, favors specialties from his native Yugoslavia. At 73 University Avenue, it is open for lunch and dinner every day with two live stage shows every night except Sunday.

Salata Od Paradajzo Pecenih Paprika (Tomato and Baked Pepper Salad)

- 1½ pounds ripe tomatoes
- 5 large green peppers
- 1 small onion, sliced (optional)
- Salt and pepper
- Finely chopped parsley
- ¼ cup oil

Dip tomatoes in boiling water for 1 minute and carefully remove skins. Slice into salad bowl. Place peppers on baking sheet and bake at 475°

Lobster Flambé

- 2 large African lobster tails
(about 1 pound)
- 4 tablespoons butter
- ½ to 1 teaspoon sweet basil
- Salt and pepper
- 1 ounce Pernod (anise-flavored liqueur)
- 1 ounce white wine
- 2 ounces heavy cream

Cut lobster tails in bite-size pieces. Melt butter in saucepan over moderate heat. Add lobster and sprinkle in basil as the lobster sautés. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Turn lobster frequently until a brownish residue forms on bottom of pan. (Cooking time, 10 to 15 minutes.) Pour Pernod and wine over lobster, coating all pieces. Handle carefully, a flame may arise. Remove lobster from pan and keep warm. Stir in cream, scraping pan residue. Return lobster to pan. Serve as appetizer or as entree with rice. Serves 2.

about 25 minutes. Place in dish, cover with towel a few minutes, then carefully slip off skins and remove seeds. Cut into long, narrow strips and mix with tomatoes and thinly sliced onion. Dust with salt and pepper, add chopped parsley and oil, and chill until serving time. Serves 4 to 6.

Palacinke (Serbian Pancakes)

- 1 cup flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cups milk
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Sift flour and salt; add milk, eggs and lemon rind and beat well. Batter should be as thick as heavy cream. Heat small skillet, grease lightly and pour in a little batter. Tilt pan back and forth to spread over bottom of pan. When brown, turn and brown on other side. Spread each pancake with jelly or cottage cheese, roll up and dust with sifted confectioners' sugar. Serves 4. (Pancakes may be browned on one side, desired filling placed on browned side, then rolled up and set aside. When ready to serve, brown lightly.)

HILL'S RESORT PRIEST LAKE, IDAHO

Tucked away on the picturesque lake in the northwest corner of the state, this year-round resort has lots of appeal for family groups. Activities include tennis, golf, all water sports and skiing. Accommodations range from housekeeping cottages to condominium units and rooms in the main lodge. Operated by Lois and George Hill. The dining room is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner daily from Memorial Day through September and weekends until February. It is located 28 miles north of Priest River on Idaho State Highway 57 at Luby Bay.

Barbecued Baby Back Ribs

5 pounds baby back rib strips (not cut up)

- ½ cup Burgundy wine
- 2 tablespoons liquid smoke
- ½ cup sliced white onions
- 2 stalks celery, chopped
- 1 tablespoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper

Place ribs in heavy pan, cover with water. Then add wine, liquid smoke, onion, celery, salt and pepper. Bring to boiling, then simmer about 1 hour or until ribs are tender. Cool and refrigerate overnight. To reheat, brown ribs under broiler or over charcoal grill, turning occasionally. Baste with Barbecue Sauce (below) for last few minutes and serve with bowl of sauce.

Barbecue Sauce: Blend 1 quart catsup, 2 tablespoons liquid smoke, ½ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons honey and ½ cup of liquid that ribs have been cooked in. Cook and stir until mixture boils. Reduce heat and simmer 20 minutes.

**TONY'S MINING COMPANY
CORNWALL, PENNSYLVANIA**
Gleaming copper table tops, textured brick and rough board walls help set the theme for this restaurant near the site of the nation's oldest iron mine. For their menu, Jane and Tony Cek, the owners, offer a four-page tabloid newspaper featuring sketches of miners on the cover and a history of the area's mines dating back to 1732. Open for dinner daily except Monday with reservations recommended. Also closed on major holidays. From Pennsylvania Turnpike Exit 20, take State Highway 72 north to State Highway 419. Follow directional signs to Rexmont Road.

Crab Cakes

- 1 pound well-cleaned lump crab meat
- ¼ cup minced onion

- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tablespoons prepared mustard
- 3 tablespoons Miracle Whip dressing
- Dash garlic powder
- ⅓ cup chopped parsley
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 10 to 12 Ritz crackers, finely crushed

Blend crab meat with onion, pepper, Worcestershire, mustard, salad dressing, garlic and parsley carefully to preserve texture of crab. Fold in beaten eggs and cracker crumbs. Shape into patties and place on waxed paper; press lightly to flatten, then refrigerate until set, about 2 hours. Place on baking sheet and bake at 350° about 20 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

Italian Dressing: In large jar combine ⅔ cup vinegar, 3 cups salad oil, 2 tablespoons salt, 3 tablespoons garlic powder, 1 teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon parsley flakes, ½ teaspoon oregano, ½ teaspoon Italian seasoning and 1 teaspoon grated Parmesan cheese. Shake mixture well, refrigerate and shake again before serving. Makes 1 quart.





story and photos by
Jerry Sanders

Picasso of the Purgatoire





THE BUFFALO on the sandstone wall stared back. We looked at the iron-stained hulk and glanced delightedly at each other. Before us, etched and painted, yet with the natural features of the brown sandstone showing through, was a near-life-size buffalo. A pea-green tree cactus growing near his hooves added a third dimension.

After three days of hiking down the Purgatoire River Canyon in southern Colorado, our exploration had reached its climax. All that remained — if one could say that — was the excitement and adventure of finding the 40 other rumored paintings the so-called “Hermit of the Purgatoire” had executed on his illimitable sandstone canvas during the 40-odd years he lived in the area.

We hurried impatiently through the dark green junipers and cedars, twisting through the angular, tumbled boulders, looking on all sides for the next painting. My wife stopped quickly and focused her binoculars on the canyon rim some 300 feet above us. “There’s a bear, and a cowboy; I see a coyote, too. Hurry!”

The trail broadened and switched back up the steep talus slope. Around a sharp bend a horse dappled with olive green lichen reared some 12 feet on a sharp sandstone boulder. The weathered remains of a scaffold, long discarded by its builder, lay to one side. Who was this artist-in-residence? Why did he enrich the canyon walls of the aptly named Purgatoire, so far from any eyes, much less from any appreciating eyes?

Martin Bowden, born Boudino, migrated from France with his parents, and the family settled in the town of Trinidad where he attended school. Apparently he always liked to sketch and draw, but as a young man he went to work in the dark coal tunnels. Later he turned to ranching for a short time. When he settled on the rim rock above the Purgatoire (1911 is engraved on a rock near the remains of his stone home), the canyon and its artist-to-be were even more remote than today. Painted Canyon, as it is known locally, is 20-odd miles east of the near-ghost town of Model, which lies along U.S. Highway 350 between La Junta and Trinidad. The dirt road to his shack is dusty in the dry season and mire in the wet.

According to life-long residents,



the man lived a full and warm life, welcoming his rare visitors and enjoying his neighbors. A brother lived with him for some time and preceded him in death. On a crisp fall morning in 1958, after learning he had an incurable disease (some say cancer), Martin Bowden first shot his constant companion, a bulldog, and then turned the gun on himself. He left behind no answers as to why he painted, only a wealth of paintings to ponder.

As we sat in front of one gallery embellished with a subtle green iguana, an arctic fox, a cross-eyed grizzly, and a superb buck antelope, we found we had located 16 paintings so far. Having caught our breath, we followed the trail that finally heaved over the rim and led us to some small earth dams that probably were used to

trap water and grow a garden. A cedar-shaded arbor, complete with a table made from a large cable spool and remnants of handmade stools, invited us to drop our packs. We discovered Bowden's spring, tightly fenced with cedar posts and rails, above this shaded nook.

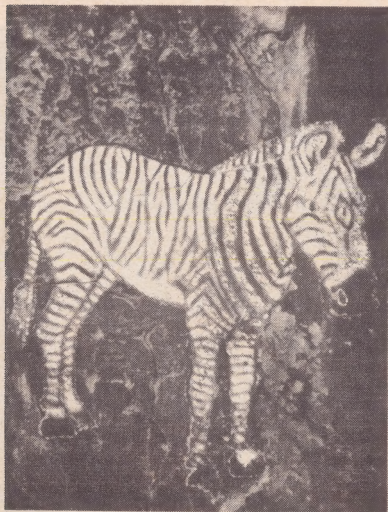
Strolling up the trail, we found the only painting above the rim: On a small cliff in front of his house, he had created a good study of a Boston bulldog, probably his last pet. Above a half-century's accumulation of rusted tin cans, broken glass and trash, his home fit in with the environment. He had, of course, crafted it from native materials: two stone rooms with a fireplace, a wooden roof covered with sod, and at the south end, a wall of wired posts that apparently served as a cor-



ral for his creatures. Leaning against the craftsman's home, we rested and listened to the distant sound of the river and the sighing of the breeze in the cedars.

Later, alerted to a trail by a ladder of wired cedar branches lying on a steep incline, we found another gallery beneath the rim. While photographing the exotic beasts there, I glanced down to discover I was standing on the carving of a buck mule deer whose paint had disappeared long ago.

Back on the rim we followed a trail past the portrait of his dog to another overlook of the canyon, its reds and tans enriched by the sinking sun. And as we lingered along the edge, we found, barely visible, the top of a ladder protruding from a crevice. Cross-



pieces, which the artist had variously wired, tied or nailed to two-by-fours, made the ladder, which was cabled to a rock. The ladder ended on a ledge about 15 feet below. From there a two-by-six, with scattered crossbars nailed to it, angled out to a sheer drop. We gingerly eased down to the sheer drop. There we found a short cable ladder of cedar branches tied to quarter-inch cable, and below that a final ladder made from two juniper logs took us 20 feet to a wide grassy bench. Only deer tracks on the trail preceded us to this hidden gallery. Buffalo Bill greeted us; a blond girl looked cautiously across at him. A fantastic galloping horse with a roping rider charged forever from another wall. We also found bears, mountain goats, deer and elk and an Indian chief in this art museum that opens above the Purgatoire 300 feet below.

Bowden obviously loved animals. Most of his paintings are of them, but his best paintings are of native animals, especially horses. He carefully located each painting to use the sandstone's natural color and form. Then he precisely chiseled in the features and finished them with bright house paints, now faded.

In our full day's exploration, we found 37 paintings this obscure man had executed. Had we found all of them? Had he done more? Had some already succumbed to the incessant erosion that may eventually claim all these rim rocks that served as the unique canvasses of the Picasso of the Purgatoire? □

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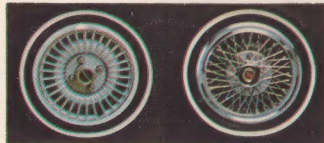
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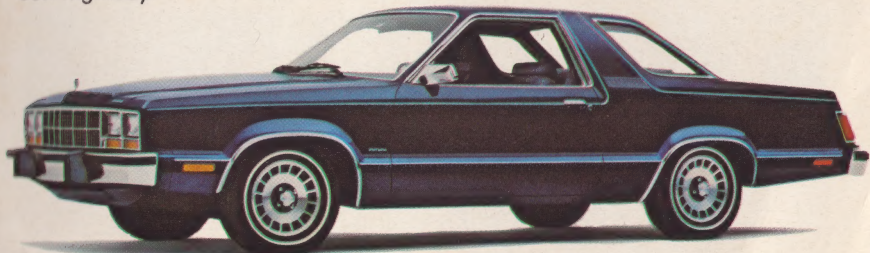


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